1489. f. 60.

PLAIN TRUTH:

A

SATIRE.

Humbly Inſcribed to the

Right Honourable J--- E--- of G.

Quid verum atque decens, curo & rogo, & omnis in hoc ſum.

HOR.

LONDON:

Printed for M. COOPER, at the *Globe* in *Pater-noſter Row.*

M.DCC.XLVII.

(Price One Shilling.)

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PLAIN TRUTH:
A
SATIRE.

YES, I will write. And let them laugh who will,
'Tis Honour, Virtue, guides the honeſt Quill.
With each black Vice when teems the impious Time,
A paſſive Silence but partakes the Crime.
Wake then, my Muſe, mark out the glorious Way,
Give my Voice Strength, and point my honeſt Lay.
Of Woman firſt; and bring a blacker Quill,
They bear Preeminence in all that's ill.

WHEN firſt the Maiden op'ning Bloſſom ſhows
The rip'ning Woman, like ſome new-blown Roſe,

The pretty Creature views its blooming Charms,
And with their Luſtre its own Boſom warms.
Its own new Beauties all its Eyes employ,
And its ſmall Heart dilates with new-felt Joy.
Then is each Look, each Action, taught to move,
And every Feature learns the Trade of Love.
And now to Pleaſure all its Soul's inclin'd,
Pleaſure, the firſt Idea of its Mind.
And then the little, giddy, flutt'ring Thing,
In Mind and Body ever on the wing,
Proud, empty, talking, pert, malicious, vain,
Begins o'er Coxcombs its tyrannick Reign:
Farther and farther ſpreads its conquering Arms,
'Till all the World is threaten'd with its Charms.
It ſighs, it ſmiles, it dances, talks, and lies,
It blooms, it ripens, falls, and rots, and dies.

BUT half their Follies, Foibles, Vices, Arts,
Thro' the dark Labyrinths of Female Hearts,
To ſee, purſue, deſcribe, and laſh, demands
At leaſt an hundred Eyes, and hundred Hands.
How well does *Clelia* ſtill conceal the Sin,
And ſeem an Angel, whilſt a Fiend within!

Who whilſt ſhe looks ſcarce conſcious what is Evil,
Outacts, and almoſt too outſins the Devil.
New to the Vice, it is not Maids alone
That court the Joy, it makes the Sex its own.
The Widow open acts; to help her Spouſe,
The Wife more ſecret breaks the rigid Vows.
And will all Husbands, tho' they ſtill ſin on,
Follow thy mild Example, ſoft Sir *John?*
Vain were the Task each riſing Step to trace
From *Peggy W*------ to *B*----'s Grace;
I can but touch it where it ſtrikes us plain,
And glares upon us, as in Lady *V*----
Whoſe puny Cuckold, wiſely as before,
Still to himſelf would keep the noble Whore.

FROM this one Vice all Woman's Evils flow,
This the grand Vortex of whate'er they do;
And ſtill will be thro' eve'ry future Time,
Tho' Hundreds ſuch as I ſhould laſh the Crime.
Let me then ſmooth awhile the rugged Lays,
And only tell them how to merit Praiſe.
And now, how quick my raptur'd Boſom burns
To thee, my *Delia*, as my Fancy turns!

From thy Applauſe, the reſt their Shame muſt find,
Thou liv'ſt a Satire on all Womankind.
O how I pity thee, when forc'd to join
Thy lovely Self to ſuch a Sex as thine!
Cuſtom, grown blind with Age, in narrow Lines,
And Bounds too ſtrictly drawn your Sex confines:
This bids you chiefly with yourſelves converſe,
So all meet Fools, and grow from bad to worſe.
For Women may as juſtly make pretence
To real Modeſty, as real Senſe;
Alas! of both they ſhare ſuch ſmall Degrees,
They're ſtill impertinent, but never pleaſe.
Their Twilight Reaſon ſhoots ſo dim a Ray,
They're neither dark as Night, nor bright as Day:
See juſt enough, to think that they have Light;
So ſtumble, wander, and are never right.

SHUN, ſhun them all: With Men dilate your Mind,
Of Senſe diſtinguiſh'd, and of Taſte refin'd;
Converſe with them can never fail t'improve;
Attend to all things, whilſt they name not Love:
But that the Theme! avoid him all who can,
'Tis the Fiend tempts you in the Shape of Man.

You're ſure to loſe, unleſs you quit the Field,
He talks to conquer, you but hear to yield:
For here ſo vain are Virtue's Wiſdom's Rules,
Moſt Men are Villains, and all Women Fools.
When bluſhing Modeſty forſook the Fair,
Honour no longer was of Man the Care:
Love after theſe with virtuous Joy retir'd,
And Men debauch'd the Fair they once admir'd.
As to affect the Modeſty you've loſt,
Is all the Virtue now your Sex can boaſt;
So Men the Habit keep, now Love is fled,
As without Courage many ſtrut in Red.
Yet are you caught for ever by the Ear,
And think we love you little, if ſincere;
Therefore, like Kings, you ſeldom hear what's true,
Or if 'tis ſpoke, like them you hate it too.
But wiſer you who different Methods chuſe,
Will bear the friendly Cautions of my Muſe,
Will hark to one who labours to amend,
And ſpare the Manner, as you know the End.

BE fully e'er you ſpeak your Subject known,
And let e'en then ſome Diffidence be ſhown.

Keep

Keep ſomething ſilent, and we think you wiſe,
But when we ſee the Bottom, we deſpiſe.
Some Things there are a Woman ſhould not know,
Affect not there, a perfect Skill to ſhow.
Some Things 'tis well to know, yet ill become
A Woman's Lips, and there be always dumb.
Let others talk e'er you your Silence break,
Be readier ſtill to hearken than to ſpeak.
When *M*----- enters with a Look ſo ſweet,
Who that has Eyes but feels the tender Heat?
But when the Thing harangues the liſt'ning Room,
Who that has Ears but wiſhes ſhe was dumb?
Read much; the Mind, which never can be ſtill,
If not intent on Good, is prone to Ill.
And where bright Thoughts, or Reas'nings juſt you find,
Repoſe them careful in your inmoſt Mind.
Where-e'er you ſee ſome new-blown Charm is ſhown,
Studious obſerve, and make that Charm your own.
To deck his *Cloe*'s Boſom thus the Swain
With pleaſing Toil ſurveys th' enamel'd Plain,
With Care ſelects each fragrant Flow'r he meets,
And forms one Garland of their mingled Sweets.

But when you read, your Books with Prudence chuſe,
Or Time miſpent is worſe than what you loſe.
Pope, *Waller*, *Prior*, have their Charms to pleaſe
With nervous Senſe, ſoft Sweetneſs, graceful Eaſe;
Yet in their Charms a latent Miſchief lies,
Death to the Fooliſh, hurtleſs to the Wiſe:
For Bees and Spiders, by their diff'rent Power,
Honey and Poiſon ſuck from one ſweet Flower.
Thus the ſoft Muſe ſo much could *B*---- move,
She bleſt the Peer, and gave up all to Love.
When tir'd with reading, the o'erlabour'd Mind
To ſoft Amuſements only ſinks inclin'd,
If Singing charm you with melodious Throat,
Repeat the Nightingale's harmonious Note;
Sweep with ſwift Touch the Lyre, if Muſick pleaſe;
If Dancing, move your Limbs with charming Eaſe;
If Needlework delight, expreſs with Grace
The rich Embroid'ry, or the mimick Lace.
Some ſweet Employ for leiſure Minutes chuſe,
And let your very Pleaſures have their Uſe.

AFFECT not *F*----'s Levity of Thought,
Which ſets Religion, Virtue, all at nought:

For true Religion, like the Sun's bleſt Beam,
Darts through the conſcious Mind a heavenly Gleam,
Irradiates all the Soul, no Care allows,
Calms the bleſt Heart, and ſmooths the eaſy Brows.

YET think it not enough what's right to know,
But let your Practice that right Knowledge ſhow.
To *Chriſtians* bad rude *Indians* we prefer;
'Tis better not to know, than knowing err.
In Faſhions fly not firſt, nor halt the laſt,
Alike they err, who go too ſlow or faſt;
Nor ſtrive t'impoſe your Judgment on the Town,
Nor head a Party, like my Lady *B*---

TO gain mean Conqueſts in mere Trifles ſlight,
They're wrong who conquer, who ſubmit are right:
And ſtill the marry'd Widow lives apart,
Who for a Slipper loſt her Husband's Heart.
Reſiſtance ſhocks, Complacence wins the Soul,
Be willing to ſubmit; you muſt controul.
Good-Nature can't be wrong, your Reaſon may,
With This we quarrel, but to That obey.

WANT of Connection in my Lines excuſe,
Of Women ſpeaking, Womens Ways I uſe.
Juſt as moſt Women talk, or think, or read,
Without or Stop or Order I proceed.

SO much, dear *Delia*, to improve your Mind;
But be not ſolely here your Thought confin'd;
Nor quite neglect your Form, ſo heavenly fair,
Be it your leaſt, but be it yet ſome Care.
Take care of both, and you'll the World controul;
One ſtrikes the Senſe, the other charms the Soul.
With Senſe, with Beauty, with a graceful Mien,
Who ever ſaw the noble Counteſs clean?
Mind you that Harmony of Shape, nor loſe
That Air of Grace your every Action ſhews.
That Virgin Bluſh that blooms upon thy Cheek,
Heightning each Charm, and gracing all you ſpeak.
Still keep that Grace of Motion, and ſtill ſhow
Thoſe Arms of Iv'ry, and that Neck of Snow.
Still let thoſe Ringlets in that Neck delight,
And by their Shades diſplay that Snow more white.

So the nice Artiſt with diffuſive Rays,
From various Angles bids the Jewel blaze;
'Till by degrees the poliſh'd Gem refines,
Darts forth its Beams, and as it turns it ſhines.
Yet thus reflect, and make this Care the leſs;
Dreſs may grace others, but you grace your Dreſs.

WHEN Wit, that manlike Talent, is conjoin'd
With rank Ill-Nature, Weed of Female Mind,
O join not in the Scandal that you hear,
Or change the Subject, or avert your Ear.
Be always ſilent, if you can't commend;
So never make a Foe, nor loſe a Friend.
See Lady *Betty* fills the Room with Dread,
Who never ſpoke, but ſome new Victim bled;
Not like to you, who both our Senſes move,
And if we hear, or if we look, we love.

MEAN Ways of Thinking Female Minds employ,
Trifles give all their Pain, and all their Joy.
Their Pleaſure's in the Opera, Play, or *Mall*;
Their greateſt Evil if they miſs a Ball.

When *S*--- lay ill on a Ridotto Night,
Becauſe not there, ſhe fairly dy'd outright.

A WOMAN's Heart will, like her Looking-Glaſs,
Reflect all Objects that before it paſs;
Will bear each Image preſent to its View,
The Subſtance gone, forgets that Image too:
Whilſt fondly we great Nature's Laws deſtroy,
And make a Torment what ſhe meant a Joy.
A little Love will, like a little Wine,
Our Hearts enliven, and our Thoughts refine;
Too much of either makes us errant Fools,
Some ſubtle Knave's, or artful Fair-one's Tools.

OF all the Follies of your fooliſh Sex,
None oftner happen, none more ſurely vex,
Than that of making Friendſhips; though you know
A Woman Friend becomes the bittereſt Foe.
You doat this Moment, and the next you ſlight;
Now love like Puppies, now like Cats you fight.
Then to the World each truſted Secret's ſhown,
And your own Arrows on yourſelves are thrown.

Thus the poor *H*---- her noble Lover loſt,
Betray'd by her ſhe fondly truſted moſt.
Be always civil, and be nothing more ;
For to be faithful is not in your Pow'r.

" ENOUGH, enough of Blame, my *Delia* ſays ;
" And are there none that can deſerve your Praiſe ?"
So oft we're ſhock'd, e'er once we're pleas'd by them,
Who'd rake the Dunghill, tho' to find a Gem ?
" Well then, is Womankind to blame alone ?
" Or if we've many Follies, have you none ?
" That *Rome* one *Meſſalina* had, it's true,
" But won't you own it had its *Nero* too ?"
'Tis true, my Love, and I with Shame allow,
'Tis Man's beſt Praiſe he's ſcarce ſo bad as you :
For if my Lady ſtudies monſtrous Joys
With her own Sex, my Lord too keeps his Boys.
Nor muſt her Lord monopolize the Shame,
Hiſpo and *Fribble* have an equal Claim.

THE Love of Gold's our epidemick Ill,
And Parent of the reſt, firſt claims the Quill.

This

This ſpots the Ermine, and defiles the Lawn,
For this the Lawyers lye, the Courtiers fawn;
The ſeeming Patriot pours a Flood of Truth,
Whilſt mute Attention hangs upon his Mouth.
This makes the Merchant cheat, the Soldier brave;
For this the Sailor ploughs the yielding Wave;
Nor abſent this, for Glory ſtrikes the Blow,
But ſcoundrel C----ns fly a weaker Foe.
O when ſhall real Honour guide the War?
See, *Britain* bluſhes for each daſtard T--
Loſt to all Senſe of Shame, the Fight who flies,
And leaves the Convoy, to ſecure the Prize.
Not ſo when *Britain* to each diſtant Shore
O'er ſubject Seas her conqu'ring Thunders bore;
Fame then upon the tow'ring Topmaſt ſhow'd
Her waving Pinions, whereſoe'er they flow'd;
And Victory, thro' all the yielding Deep,
With Eagle Wings hung o'er each valiant Ship.
Then Honour ſtruck the Stroke, true Love of Fame
In each brave Breaſt glow'd with a gen'rous Flame,
Not yet extinct in All; the ſame we view
Boſcawen, *Warren*, *Anſon*, ſtill in You.

RISE now, my Muſe, and with a keener Sight,
Follow Ambition thro' her airy Flight.
See *Gnatho* thirſting ſtill to rule at C---t,
And heading one, makes t'other Party Sport:
Whilſt each impartial thinking *Briton* knows,
The Friends to *Gnatho* are their Country's Foes.
Who bid our Troops o'er *Flandria*'s Plains to roam,
And left us quite defenceleſs here at home?
Who gave the *French* to land? the *Scotch* to riſe?
Then pleads for Rebels what the Law denies?
Who, but the ſame, who lives ſo fond of Pow'r,
He's pleas'd to ſhine the Pageant of an Hour?
Madneſs like this, what Phyſick can compoſe?
Alas! not all the Art of ten *Monroes*.

SEE *Balneus* next, that Man, who for a while
Stood like the Rocks that guard *Britannia*'s Iſle,
Guardian of Liberty, of Law, of Truth,
With Age's Wiſdom, and the Fire of Youth;
What nervous Senſe his Lips inſpir'd would pour!
Adorn'd with Oratory's every Flow'r.

See, ſee him now! Behold the Fool of State!
Debas'd by Titles! ſunk by growing Great!
This Son of Liberty, this Freedom's Soul,
Fall'n, like the Wretch transform'd by *Circe*'s Bowl;
The more once lov'd, all hate him now the more,
And ſcorn the Calf they idoliz'd before.
Bought from the S---te, at *St. J---s's* plac'd,
He ſinks the Tool of M---rs diſgrac'd.
E'en he, our Freedom's Guardian, who ſo long
Againſt Corruption tun'd his venal Tongue,
E'en He, attend him, O eternal Shame!
Offers his Borough, where the K--- ſhall name.
What brave Diſdain adorn'd our M---ch's Voice!
" Shall I direct my freeborn *Britons* Choice?"
Well ſpoke, O worthy of *Britannia*'s Cr---
B--- heard, and conſcious trembled at his Frown.
Fly then, nor hope for Fame, without a Pun,
You've loſt by Honours, what by Tricks you won.

YET ſome there are whom Friendſhip's Laws miſguide,
(The beſt of Men may ſometimes ſtep aſide)
Some then there are, who riſe e'en *Gnatho*'s Friends,
Whom Wiſdom, Virtue, Wit, and Truth commends.

For who ſo prejudic'd, as not to ſee
Worth, Senſe, and Honour, *B-rkl-y* (*a*), meet in thee?
Nor without Praiſe ſhould *W-ncb--ſea* (*b*) be nam'd,
Nor *B-rn-rd* (*c*), for prudential Reas'ning fam'd.
And not to own were Sin againſt our Senſe,
That *L--'s* (*d*) the very Soul of Eloquence.

FIX'D to no Party, the juſt Muſe would note
Merit, where'er it ſhines, howe'er it vote.
Or if ſhe leans to one, not her's the Blame,
G-w-r, *S-ndw-ch*, *H-rr-ngt-n*, all do the ſame.

WITH what a Grace his Silence *Onſlow* breaks!
Whilſt liſt'ning Factions ſoften as he ſpeaks:
He, pouring all the Tide of Eloquence,
Fixes the Ear, and captivates the Senſe.
So pure, O *Thames*, thy Silver Current flows,
Where the clear Stream, as clear a Bottom ſhows.
His Head, his Heart, are equal to his Truſt,
True to his King, and to his Country juſt.

IN

(*a*) The Right Honourable Lord *B-rkl-y* of *Str-tt-n*.
(*b*) The Right Honourable Lord *W-ncb-ſea*.
(*c*) Sir *John B-rn-rd*.
(*d*) The Worſhipful Dr. *L--*

IN *Chesterfield*, our Nation's Pride, unite
The soundest Judgment, and the truest Wit;
Who quits our other mourning Hemisphere,
To shed his Lustre, and his Influence here.

LONSDALE ne'er spoke, or acted what was wrong;
The Graces all to *Cornbury* belong.
G------n's modest, wife, but indolent;
Bedford a Blessing to this Realm was meant.
These, and some others, Faction's self must own
The Subjects Guards, and Jewels of the Throne.
Tho' 'tis their Spots, that makes these Virtues bright;
For when we see the Stars, we know 'tis Night.

ON Education all our Lives depend;
And few to that, too few, with Care attend:
Soon as Mamma permits her darling Joy
To quit her Knee, and trusts at School her Boy,
O, touch him not, whate'er he does is right,
His Spirit's tender, tho' his Parts are bright.
Thus all the Bad he can, he learns at School,
Does what he will, and grows a lusty Fool.

Nine Years, good Omen for the reſt, thus gone,
Oxonia owns the new-adopted Son:
And ſpending there two idle Years, or more,
What has he learn'd?----To game, to drink, to whore.
Or if his loyal Tutor ev'ry Night
Inſtills his zealous Principles aright,
Aloud his tr--ſ-n-ble Zeal he boaſts,
And Bumpers ſparkle to the r-y-l Toaſts.
Iſis wants weeding----But tho' bad at Home,
Lure not our Youth for worſe abroad to roam.

SEE that young Prig, he juſt returns from *France*,
Well taught--in what? To dreſs, take Snuff, and dance.
(Tho' *Engliſh* Blockheads make but awkard Fops.)
At *Venice* and at *Rome* a while he ſtops,
Buys modern Paſtes for antient Seals and Rings;
And Daubings vile for *Titian*'s Paintings brings.
And now the empty Pigtail Puppy come
With all their Follies, all their Vices home:
A Shame to us, and to our Foes a Sport,
Steps from the Bandbox, to be ſhown at Court.
What can we hope, O Heav'n! from ſuch as theſe?
They head our Armies! they aſſert our Seas!

Go to the Women, ye Half-Women, go,
Nor dare with Men your Monkey-Tricks to ſhow;
Go, beg beneath their Petticoats to hide,
Tho' e'en for that, perhaps, ſcarce qualify'd.

SICK of the Town, permit me, Heav'n, to fly
To Peace, to Quiet, and a clearer Sky;
There let me taſte the calm and pure Delight,
Where *Philomela* to the liſt'ning Night
Tuning her Lay, charms all the ſilent Grove,
With ſweetly-melancholy Notes of Love;
Where Innocence, and ſimple Nature reign,
No Art diſguiſes, and no Vices ſtain:
Where bloom the wholeſome Cheeks with deeper Dyes,
And brighter Lightnings flaſh the Fair-one's Eyes:
Where hardy Youth ſteps forth with manlier Grace,
Strength knits his Limbs, and Health adorns his Face.
Each is a Man indeed. Fly from him, fly,
Ye half-got Brats of pale N-b-l-ty.

YET here too oft, unled by Learning's Ray,
Unpoliſh'd Nature ſinks a diff'rent Way;
Inelegant of Life, the ruſtick 'Squire
Attains the antient Manſion of his Sire:

As

As dirty, noiſy, ſenſeleſs as his Hounds,
Beats for the trembling Game his Neighbour's Grounds:
Dead all the Night, a human Brute all Day,
Hunts, ſhoots, and drinks, and ſnores his Life away.
Or if to drown their Senſe his Neighbours come,
He's Maſter and ſole Hero of his Home:
Hot in the wrong, his Lungs confound the reſt,
Where he who loudeſt talks, ſtill reaſons beſt.
In his poor Brain, if Party Madneſs ſprout,
(Born to his Father's Notions and his Gout)
He ſwears, and damns 'em all who dare conteſt;
Theſe things alone can make *Britannia* bleſt;
A Popiſh Prince o'er Proteſtants to reign,
Deſpotick Pow'r our Freedom to maintain;
A Dupe of *France*, on *France* his Sword to draw,
And an Uſurper to defend our Law.

THE Sore thus prob'd, we now the Cure attend,
'Tis eaſy to find Faults, the Art's to mend.
Let then whom Choice allures, or Fortune yields,
To live amidſt his own extended Fields,
Diffuſe thoſe Bleſſings which from Heav'n he found,
In copious Streams, to bleſs the World around:
Open to all his hoſpitable Door,
His Tenant's Patron, Parent to the Poor:

In

In Friendſhips dear diſcording Neigbours bind,
Aid the Diſtreſs'd, and humaniſe Mankind:
Wipe off the ſorrowing Tear from Virtue's Eyes,
Bid Honeſty oppreſs'd again ariſe:
Protect the Widow, give the Aged Reſt,
And bleſſing live, and die for ever bleſt.

FROM theſe ſtill Scenes now turn the varying Strain,
And quit Retirement for the World again.
See the mad Youth in one grand Riot live,
And each new Hour to ſome new Folly give.
Deaf or to Honour's or to Virtue's Call,
Their whole Employment to be void of all.
Well ſpoke the Noble to his Brother P—r,
When his loſt Son drew forth the tender Tear;
And ſad he ſigh'd, becauſe no Heirs remain,
His Fame, his Wealth, his Title to ſuſtain:
" Look round this Houſe, you know each Noble's Son;
" Now tell me truly, Can you envy one?"
Heart-piercing Thought! Ye then to whom kind Heav'n
To your fond Pray'rs a Parent's Name has giv'n;
Whatever Station 'tis your Fate to fill,
In the young Mind this Precept firſt inſtill;
" Virtue alone true Pleaſure can beſtow,
" And make each Place a Paradiſe like *Stow*.

Next

Next to the Antients, guide his early Thought,
And be their Language, Manners, Virtues, taught.
That gathering all the Sweets thoſe Flow'rs can ſhow,
Nothing but Honey from his Lips may flow.
Then, if you pleaſe, permit his Youth to view
Whate'er his own or foreign Countries ſhew;
Obſerve their Policies, their Manners learn,
Not go a Fool, and but a Fop return.

SO ſhall he grace, grown wiſe, or brave, or great,
The Church, the Law, the Army, or the State:
So ſhall he dare in Danger's Face to ſtand,
And riſe to Fame almoſt a CUMBERLAND.
So Chancellors, as yet unborn, ſhall ſhine
With Glory, *Hardwicke*, little leſs than thine.
Some future *Willes* ſhall vindicate our Laws,
Whilſt free-born *Britons* give the loud Applauſe.
Some future *Gibſon* in the Church ſhall riſe,
And trace out Virtue's Footſteps to the Skies.
And future *Pelhams*, if they treat, or fight,
Shall, like the preſent, poiſe the World aright.

FINIS.